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DISCARDED
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THOMAS WENTWORTH HICINSON

ARCADE ECHOES.

SELECTED POEMS

FROM THE

• 378
V1

Virginia University Magazine,

1859—1890.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS L. WOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1890.

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TO
The Memory
OF
HENRY W. GRADY,

**WHO, EMBODYING IN HIS LIFE AND WORDS THE FIRE AND ELEGANCE
OF THE OLD SOUTH, DIED WITH THE SWAN-SONG OF THE
NEW SOUTH ON HIS LIPS, THESE**

ECHOES
FROM THE YOUNG LIFE OF BOTH AT HIS
ALMA MATER
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

You have in the following pages, gentle reader, a faithful reproduction of student life, thought, and feeling under the arcades. It is not in an exhaustive prose essay on The Advantages of Historical Study that we can see how the University men live; the average article on Napoleon gives us little idea of their thought; and Midnight Reveries are but poor representatives of feeling other than of cold from the "storm wind without," and the "gray ashes falling from the dying embers." But in some jingling narrative of dark Calithumpian adventure, the writer of which no doubt now indites sundry sage and monitory letters to his own son; in a few tripping, tender lines to some unknown, whose matronly form now probably retains scant traces of the "willowy grace" of yore; in some burst of poetic passion that gleams through the clouds of glory that we trail; in a word, in the poetry of youth there may be plainly seen the lights and shadows, the many joys and the few sorrows that make up the life, thought, and feeling of that time.

Artists, physicians, lawyers, editors may in the following lines have sighed their callow love, breathed their ambitions, laughed at Dame Fortune. The unknown

author of some one of these fugitive poems may have passed out into the great literary world, where, however, the books he now writes for money, I warrant, have less of the genuine ring than the little natural verses of his "salad days." Another may be sleeping where the grasses wave and whisper over the dust of A Georgia Volunteer,—we do not know.

That the collection is no larger is due in the first place to lack of space, but also very much to the fact that most of the omitted poems are of the pseudo-Byronic cast, in which "sadness" rhymes with "madness," and only a line divides "breath" from "death." Dark references in the style, and often in the words, of Mr. Poe, to blighted hopes and saddened lives are, we believe, inspired less by mysterious afflictions than by undigested suppers; and longings to flee to sundry distant isles—methods of transportation being no consideration—where lone seas howl as a steady occupation, and false man ne'er comes and woman's eye is absent, arise frequently from the implacable natures of tailors and misunderstandings with the washerwoman. I have, consequently, been unwilling to drag the effusions of these stricken hearts before the public.

In conclusion, I would say that if this little volume has the effect, no matter in how small a degree, of bringing our University before our people in a new, and, consequently, it is to be hoped, a more prominent light, I shall feel that I have not worked in vain.

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BIRD of the eventide,
From the lone mountain-side
Falls thy wild note on my heart with a thrill,
Bringing up memories,
Countless and varied, as
Falls each sad note on my ear,—“ Whip-poor-Will !”

Mem’ries of early days
Passed in pure childhood’s ways,
When naught this heart knew of guile or of ill ;
Mem’ries of later times,
When youth to manhood climbs,
Steal o’er me now with thy cry,—“ Whip-poor-Will !”

Dark, sad, and sorrowful,
Some of them borrowful
Measures of gloom from the shades of the night !
Peaceful and happy, too,
Some which I owe to you,
Sprite ! doomed forever to flee from the light.

Scenes, long forgotten, now
 Crowd round my throbbing brow,
Till it appears that I roam thro’ them still ;

12 LINES TO MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

Bright as they ever were,
Come back these scenes of yore,
Brought by thy thrilling cry,—Oh, Whip-poor-Will!

Soft as a lover's sigh
Now comes thy plaintive cry,
Mellowed by distance, as flitting at will,
Leaving the mountain-side,
Through its dark glens you glide,
Seeking, still vainly, some rest, Whip-poor-Will.

Rest, thou may'st never, bird !
For still thy plaint is heard
Dying in echoes away on the hill ;
Till the gray dawn grows bright
Sadly thou spend'st each night,
Wailing thy life away, poor Whip-poor-Will !

November, 1859.

B. B.

LINES TO MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

IF the strange old Indian doctrine is true
(The transmigration of souls, I mean),
I think I can tell the course that you
Have taken since you on this earth have been.

For first you were a shell-fish small
In the Mediterranean's purple wave ;
And you bored and bored in a column tall
Till you'd built your house and dug your grave.

Then next you left the rolling sea,
And sought the air on buzzing wing,
And, as a white-faced bumble-bee,
You bored and bored all the sunny spring.

But 'twere a wearisome narration
To tell the varied course you ran
Through all the grades of all creation
Until you reached the summit,—man.

When now you reached this high condition,
The fates decreed you a noble home
In a family holding the first position
In the mighty seven-hilled city of Rome.

So they gave you a priesthood there one day,
And then you wrote up over your door,
For a sort of a sign (as one might say),
One word, and that was "*auguror.*"

I will not tell how since that time,
With fin or feather, cold or warm,
Through many a land and many a clime,
At last you've reached your present form.

When next you drop this mortal coil,
And take a new body on Lethe's shore,
You'll speculate in kerosene oil,
And still will your motto be "I Bore."

January, 1868.

PERFORATUS.

LEE TO THE REAR.

DAWN of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Little by little, as daylight increased
And deepened the roseate flush in the east,
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel,

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam;
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun,—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the Rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to re-
gain !

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured ;
Slaughter infernal rode with Despair,
Furies twain, thro' the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle, there sat
A gray-bearded man with a black slouch hat ;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold Rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped,
A dozen brave fellows, alas ! fell dead.

The grand old graybeard rode to the space
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouch hat,—
A world of meaning there was in that !

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply,—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back!"
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h——!"
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans rushed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset, out of a crimson sky,
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year,—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is dressed
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed and the cannons are dumb,
And Fate with pitiless hand has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The Gray-bearded Man in the black slouch hat.

January, 1868.

MY LITTLE CLASSIC DIVINITY.

TO MISS H.

UPON Potomac's western shore
There dwells a lovely maiden,
With treasures rare of classic lore
Her royal mind is laden.

And oh ! she is a Hebe fair !
Divine in form and feature,
With more than Juno's stately air ;
In sooth, a peerless creature !

In whom all classic graces blend,
This learned little woman ;
And, tho' she wears the Grecian bend,
Her nose is slightly Roman !

Her voice is rich as Sappho's lyre,
That theme of poets' praises,
And in her eyes Minerva's fire
With dazzling splendor blazes !

Within the storied Past she lives,
Converses oft with Cato,
And sparkling gems of wisdom gives
To Sophocles or Plato !

She joys to roam along the streams
That flow through classic ages,
And revel in the golden dreams
Of ancient bards and sages.

To sigh or seem dejected while
She sits with sad Tibullus ;
Or, in a lighter mood, to smile
With Terence or Catullus.

To climb the hill where grew the vine
That wreathed the brow of Bacchus,
Or quaff the old Falernian wine
With grim Horatius Flaccus !

Or round the walls of Troy to rove
And gaze with silent wonder,
And tremble while Olympian Jove
Hurls down his bolts of thunder !

To weep while sadly pondering o'er
 The fate of proud old Priam.
 (Whose young son, Paris, was not more
 In love, I swear, than I am !)

And when she hears Queen Dido's woes,
 To melt in female pity,
 Or laugh while Perseus scourges those
 Who thronged Rome's sinful city.

And yet for those who sigh for her,
 The wildest love revealing,—
 For those who'd gladly die for her,
 She has nor heart nor feeling.

For though her mind, serene and bold,
 Drinks deep of classic fountains,
 This maiden's loveless heart is cold
 As "Greenland's icy mountains!"

Or as the moon, which seems to roll
 So frigidly above her;
 And though I know she has no soul,
 I cannot choose but love her!

O Cupid! draw your keenest dart,
 Fly swiftly on before me,
 Transfix her callous, stony heart,
 And cause her to—adore me!

February, 1870.

HORACE MORDAUNT.

SATISFIED.

O QUESTIONING soul, be still !
Calm these vain longings for unbounded lore,
Which thy weak powers so weary and perplex ;
Rest thee and wait until
Thy promised morning dawn, when thou, no more
Linked to this heavy clay, thy faith shalt vex
With thy mysteries untried ;
Thou shalt be satisfied.

1871.

THE DOG OF THE LOUVRE.

(From the French of Delarique.)

WITH gentle tread, with uncovered head,
Pass by the Louvre gate,
Where buried lie the "men of July,"
And flowers are hung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought in the fierce onslaught,
Had rushed with his master on,
And both fought well ;
But the master fell,
And behold the surviving one !

By his lifeless clay,
Shaggy and gray,
His fellow-warrior stood ;
Nor moved beyond,
But mingled fond
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps
By those green heaps
That tell where heroes lie.
No passer-by
Can attract his eye,
For he knows it is not He !

At the dawn, when dew
Wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet
The coming feet
Of him whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood-cross
When the chaplets toss,
By the blast of midnight shaken,
How he howleth ! hark !
From that dwelling dark
The slain he would fain awaken,

When the snow comes fast
On the chilly blast,
Blanching the bleak church-yard,
With limbs outspread
On the dismal bed
Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
With main and might,
He strives to raise the stone ;
Short respite takes :
“ If master wakes,
He'll call me,” then sleeps on.

Of bayonet blades,
Of barricades,
And guns he dreams the most ;
Starts from his dream,
And then would seem
To eye a pleading ghost.

He'll linger there
In sad despair
And die on his master's grave.
His home ?—’tis known
To the dead alone,—
He's the dog of the nameless brave !

Give a tear to the dead,
 And give some bread
 To the dog of the Louvre gate !
 Where buried lie the men of July,
 And flowers are hung by the passers-by,
 And the dog howls desolate.

March, 1871.

RALPH CECIL.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE Queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine ;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is a little lady of mine.
 And oh ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
 And spurns and scorns and scouts me ;
 Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
 And beg and beseech with the saddest face,
 Still ever the same she doubts me.

When she rides on her nag away,
 By park and road and river,
 In a little hat so jaunty and gay,
 Oh ! then she's prouder than ever !
 And oh ! what faces, what faces !
 What petulant, pert grimaces !
 Why the very pony prances and winks,
 And tosses his head and plainly thinks
 He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
 A sweeter mood o'ertakes her ;
 Oh ! then she's sunny as skies of June,
 And all her pride forsakes her.
 Oh ! she dances around me so fairly !
 Oh ! her laugh rings out so rarely !
 Oh ! she coaxes and nestles and purrs and pries
 In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
 And says, " I love you dearly ! "

She is seven by the calendar—
 A lily's almost as tall,
 But oh ! this little lady's by far
 The proudest lady of all.
 It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
 To spurn and scorn and scout me ;
 But ah ! I've a notion it's naught but play,
 And that say what she will and feign what she may,
 She can't well do without me !

Oh ! the Queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine ;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is this little lady of mine.
 Good lack ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
 And spurns and scorns and scouts me ;
 But ah ! I've a notion it's naught but play,
 And that say what she will and feign what she may,
 She can't well do without me !

June, 1871.

WESTWOOD.

HIDDEN CHIMES.**RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ——, OF RICHMOND.**

[Scandinavian traditions tell us that the glacier of Folge Fond overwhelmed seven villages in snow and ice, and yet on Christmas-Day and the first day of spring one can hear the bells of the buried towns ringing clearly.]

HAVE you heard that legend old,
Strange legend ! strangely told,
 How years ago
A rushing, dashing glacier hurled
A village, deeply hurled,
 Under the snow ?

But on the peaceful Christmas morn,
Day on which our Lord was born,
 Beneath that snow
Can be heard a mystic chiming,
Bells most sweetly chiming,
 Soft and low.

Or when the happy spring-time
Breaks through winter's frost and rime,
 So this legend tells,
Can be heard the magic ringing,
Joyous, merry ringing,
 Of those bells.

Like that village swiftly buried,
In icy regions deeply buried,
Are some hearts,
From whose depths no gentle feeling,
Sacred, holy feeling,
Ever starts

Till some chord is set in motion
That awakes some fond emotion,
Which softly swells;
And the heart begins a chime,
A soft, melodious chime
Like those bells,

Which by gentle thoughts when bidden,
Although long they have been hidden,
Arise once more,
And sound from out their depths,
Their icy, snowy depths,
And heavenward soar.

There is not a heart so deep,
Where memories do not sleep
Which will awake
When the proper chord is touched,
Gently, softly touched,
And music make.

There's no human heart so cold
But sometimes 'twill unfold,
 And sweetly sound
A note that upward wells,
Like those mysterious bells
 Of Folge Fond.

October, 1871.

HERZOG.

"THE WEE LITTLE THING."

THERE'S a wee little thing in this world of ours,
 And it moveth and moveth the livelong day;
And tho' the sun shines and tho' the storm lowers,
 It clattereth on with its ceaseless lay;
 Over peasant and king
 Its spell it hath flung,
 That dear little thing,
 A woman's tongue!

There's a wee little thing in this world of ours,
 And it sparkleth and sparkleth the livelong day;
No dew-drop that hangs on the morning flowers
 Is so beauteous and bright as its beaming ray;
 No shield can we bring
 That its shaft can defy,—
 That dear little thing,
 A woman's eye!

There's a wee little thing in this world of ours,
 And it thobbeth and thobbeth the livelong day ;
 And in palace halls, and in leafy bowers,
 It holdeth alike its potent sway ;
 Bright joy can it bring,
 Or deep sorrow impart,—
 That dear little thing,
 A woman's heart

There are many charms in this world of ours,
 That cluster and shine over Life's long day ;
 The wealth of the mine, and the statesman's powers,
 And the laurels won in the bloody fray,—
 No spell can they fling
 That my bosom can move
 Like that witching thing,
 A woman's love !

October, 1871.

IBYCUS, ESQ.

ONLY A KISS.

ONLY one kiss ! ah ! why refuse
 To bless an eager lover ?
 What else those rosy lips should choose
 I'm sure I can't discover.

The drifting cloud-banks kiss the sea,
 Where foam-tipped breakers roar,
 And ocean's ripples, floating free,
 Kiss all her endless shore.

The sky of morning blushes deep
 At the kiss of the coming sun ;
 And a blessing falls with the kiss of sleep,
 When the weary day is done.

By breezes kissed, the floweret rare
 To full perfection grows ;
 And all that's fair in earth or air
 From the kiss of beauty flows.

Then let those lips where beauty sleeps
 To love's soft touch awaken,
 And thrill that chord which silence keeps
 Till by his presence shaken.

February, 1872.

A.

THE RESTED HEART.

FAR, far from land a lone bird flew,
 And wearied, wings its tiresome flight ;
 No place to rest came on its view ;
 There lay but sea and sky in sight.

A speck far in the distant west,
 A sail that closer, nearer grew ;
 The glad bird saw a place of rest,
 And towards the vessel swiftly flew.

It lit, it breathed, and there awhile
Forgot its cares, its weariness ;
Saw all around in calmness smile,
Saw none to harm, all to caress.

It rests ; then, ere it stretched its wings,
And bade the ship a long adieu,
In thanks the bird a carol sings,
Then homeward once again it flew.

And thus as I, o'er life's dark sea,
My humble course in silence trace,
A moment rested close by thee—
Gazed on thy beauteous, radiant face—

Then by thy smile refreshed anew,
Far on I moved thro' joy and pain ;
From rest to labor back I flew,
To fight life's battles once again.

But ere I bid a long farewell,
Oh ! take this song, though poor it be,
To show the thoughts that in me dwell,
To show my gratitude to thee.

And tho' our lives lie far apart,
Tho' ne'er on earth we meet again,
Perhaps it may some joy impart
To know that thou hast freed from pain

Some few short moments of my life ;
And as the ship the bird gave rest,
Some hours hast given free from strife,
Some cares hast driven from my breast.

And now all's past, but not forgot ;
And tho' those hours return, oh, never,
Leave they in darkness one bright spot
Which cheers me on and stays forever.

February, 1872.

HERZOG.

ON THE POND.

THE diamond stars were gleaming
Through the silver-frosted stems ;
On the icy crystal formings,
Sparkling like a thousand gems ;
And the fairy host of winter
Hushed the scene with beauty's wand,
On that cold December evening
We went skating on the pond.

Laughing eyes were peeping slyly
From the folds of wrappers warm ;
Merry voices rang out gayly,
Making heart-aches with their charm ;
Graceful forms were moving lightly,
But my eyes, with glances fond,
Sought alone the sylph-like graces
Of my partner on the pond.

That night's splendor faded
 Like some bright poetic thought,
 But our hearts have kept the lesson
 That its silent glory taught;
 For the love we swore each other,
 As we felt the mutual bond,
 Twines its silken folds as tightly
 As when skating on the pond.

February, 1872.

SHE HAS DRIFTED AWAY.

TO MISS A. M'L—, OF ST. LOUIS.

I.

SHE has drifted away to Heaven's shore,
 To the shadowy home of the seraph land,
 And the white sails flashed as her bark went o'er;
 We saw as we wept by the shining strand.
 Oh ! our thoughts were full of the after-years,
 As she smiled her adieu o'er the dark wave's crest,
 And our eyes drooped downward 'mid sorrow's tears,
 As she drifted away—away to her rest.

II.

She drifted away ere her girlhood's morn
 Wore on to the beauty of blushing day—
 Like a tender violet rudely torn
 From the flower-crowned sceptre of rosy May;

Ere her young heart's freshness grew sore and dim,
 Or the cherub of peace ceased to gladden her breast,
 Ere wild woe had entered Hope's dying hymn,
 She drifted away—away to her rest.

III.

She drifted away when autumn came,
 With brilliant hues of crimson and gold,—
 When the forests were lit with their wings of flame,
 And the wandering winds blew drear and cold,—
 With her soft eyes bright as empyreal fires,
 And her white hands folded across her breast,
 To the mild sweet music of angels' lyres,
 She has drifted away to her rest.

October, 1872.

JUGATINUS.

THE BIG HORN OF THE RANGE.

IF you'll listen, fellow-students, to the tale which I relate,
 You will know as much as I can show about the facts I
 state ;
 While other poets sing of Love and many things as
 strange,
 I have taken up the subject of "The Big Horn of the
 Range."

I.

It is a mammoth "dyking horn," five feet and more in
 height,
 A patriarch 'mid smaller horns, which meaner souls
 delight,—

The tinners bold of Charlottesville, yes, every mother's son,
Combined their art to build it, and at last their work is done.
'Twas purchased by a Sophomore, who "bunked" on Monroe Hill,
Who practised on it night and day, until it made him ill;
From mouth to mouth and hand to hand its ownership did change,
Until at last 'twas settled as "The Big Horn of the Range."

II.

One night when all the world was still, and silence hovered round,
O'er hill and dale, o'er flow and fill, was heard an awful sound;
So wild and stern, yet full and clear, it rode upon the blast,
That Monticello caught it up and back the echo cast.
There was a freshman chap who lived at No. 10 Carr's Hill,—
He thought it was the judgment trump and went and made his will;
But while he strove his scattered wits in order to arrange,
A friend rushed in and told him 'twas "The Big Horn of the Range."

III.

A "high-toned calicoist" sat upon a cushioned seat,
Beside him leans his "Dulcie" dear, so young and fair
and sweet;
His heart was pierced by Cupid's shaft, and as he "made
his speech,"
Before she softly whispered "Yes," there came that awful
screech.
The lady fainted straight away, her father entered quick,
The "calicoist" seized his hat and swiftly "cut his stick,"
And all that night at Ambie's, 'mid his frequent draughts
of "corn,"
These words alone were audible, "Dog gone that big tin
horn!"

MORAL.

So all ye youthful freshmen chaps, who are so jolly green,
Don't think that nothing else exists except what you
have seen;
And you, ye "calicoist men," who cut so great a dash,
Rely on something else besides a "hard cheek" or mous-
tache,—
Some men don't know the reason why the "Temperance"
bestows
By virtue of its membership so jolly red a nose,—
Why, 'tis the "nature of the beast," and it will never
change
Until the echoes hear no more "The Big Horn of the
Range."

December, 1872.

"CAUSTICUS."

TO A MOSQUITO.**AFTER BURNS.**

YE here again ! ye lang-legg'd deev'l !
 Ye bizzin', bummin' imp o' evil—
 Haud in yer gab and cantin' snur'l,
 Or gin' the wa'
 I'll plaister ye if ye're no' ceev'l,
 And stop yer jaw.

What brings ye here ? I'd like to ken,—
 To bild and pester honest men,
 To gar them think their latter in'
 Is drawin' near,
 And scart and claw like some auld hen,
 And curse and swear ?

Gae, tak' that music o' the de'il,
 And serenade some ither chiel—
 Some tough-skinned wretch that canna feel
 Your cursed claws,
 Or sinner that has fatten'd well
 On broken laws.

Gang ow're the road, and ring the bell—
 Ye'll find a rascal like yersel'—
 A politician—jag him well,
 And sting him sair—
 He's sic a backbiter himsel'
 Ye'll ne'er bild mair.

Or there's an auld maid doon the street—
 Ye'll find her tough, but guid to eat—
 Ye'll easy ken her when ye meet—
 She's o' your trade ;
 O' tea and scandal strong and sweet
 Her bluid is made.

Jist tak' a pattern by the flea,
 That has his bite, tho' waits a wee
 Afore he wets the ither ee'
 Or loups about ;
 And, puir thing's aye prepar'd to dee
 When he's fand oot.

Or else the decent, saucy bug,
 Wha keeps himsel' sae dower and snug,
 An's no aye roarin' in yer lug
 His blasted airs,
 But jist lies doon like any dug
 An' says his pray'rs.

But ye, ye grinnin', sneakin' braggart,
 Ye greedy, ill-far'd, suckin' blackguard,
 Wid body skinny, lang, and haggard,
 And bluidy fang,
 For a' yer boastin', blowin' swagger,
 I'll stop yer sang.

So dinna fash yersel' to stay,
 And waste yer time wi' me the day—

I tell ye, freen', jist gang yer way,
 Or mind yer heed.
 Ae skelp frae me wad stop yer pay
 And strike ye deed.

December, 1872.

INNIS MORE.

THE SUN.

[Imitated from certain verses by William Wirt Palmer in *The Week*.

A lucubration of the physico-philosophical muse, intended to illustrate the hypothesis of Laplace, which is to theologians a stumbling-block and to idiots foolishness.]

THROUGH the misty void of the formless waste
 The arms of night were thrown,
 And the pulsing wave flew on apace
 To find its future home ;
 My glorious globe soon closed its orb,
 My eternal race began,
 And in my whirls I scattered worlds
 And formed a home for man.

The fair earth grew, as 'round it flew,
 The darling of mine eyes ;
 I painted its flowers and tinged its bowers,
 And flushed its gorgeous skies ;

I wrapped the cloud like a royal shroud
About the mountain's pride,
And made the cloud fill the clear springs of the rill
That silvered the mountain-side.

In the crystal heart of the diamond I dart
A beam of shivering light,
And mine 'tis to enter the red ruby's centre
And kindle a fire there bright.
The opal's soft shimmer is naught but my glimmer,
And the pearl in the garnish of queens
Owes its tender haze to my radiant blaze
That gleams in the emerald greens.

I raised the clear water that tumbles in laughter
From the crags of the mountain hoar,
And mine is the power that hath wealth for its dower,
And feeds both the rich and the poor.
And the vales that are rife with the vigor of life
Draw their force from the warmth of my breast,
That lends tenderest dyes to the fair maiden's eyes,
And spreads in all nature a feast.

Even genius doth owe to my power its glow :
Life itself finds its source in my heart ;
And all that I cherish, without me would perish,—
I freely give each one his part.

Some day the fair errant shall seek out her parent,
 And my bosom once more shall receive
 To its ardent heart the courser fleet
 That now on its beauty doth live.

March, 1873.

LONG AGO.

I.

THERE'S a beautiful isle in the Long Ago,
 All flooded with golden light;
 And a river that glides by the magic shore,
 Whose waters are wondrous bright ;
 And a bark that moves with snowy sails,
 And the music of silver oar,
 That carries us back to the shining gates
 Of that beautiful Past once more !
 And every heart holds some sweet dream
 Of that beautiful long Ago.

II.

There were bright hopes nursed in that Long Ago ;
 Fair flowers have perished there ;
 And the walls of the beautiful Past are hung
 With pictures bright and fair ;
 And, oh ! there is soon for our feet to tread
 The path of these by-gone years !

There are joys that bloom in Memory's field,
And a fount for our bitter tears ;
And that fount is filled with hallowed tears
We wept in that Long Ago !

III.

There are happy dreams the heart holds dear—
Sweet dreams of Long Ago !
And sacred tears for the perished joys
That will return no more ;
And thus in the tangled web of life
We weave our smiles and tears,
And cling to the holy memories
That hang around departed years !
Ah ! drop the silken curtain now
Of the beautiful Long Ago !

IV.

Shut out the light of those vanished years,
Close the door of the Past again,
And hush the yearning thoughts that rise
To give the bosom pain ;
Ah ! roll the heavy stone against
That sepulchre—the Heart !
Why should these buried forms again
To life and beauty start ?
The Future may hold some dream as bright
As those of Long Ago !

May, 1873.

C. B. SINCLAIR.

À BEAUX YEUX.

“To bonny eyes,” the toast went ‘round,
 With mirth, and wine and laughter,
 When merry jest and din had drown’d
 All thoughts of sad hereafter.

“To bonny eyes”—and then I thought
 Of her’s I loved, with feeling fraught,
 From whence the soul, so fair and true,
 Shone forth as from deep seas the blue.

“To bonny eyes”—it was the time
 When mirth and madness soaring,
 With gay wild jest and wilder rhyme,
 Set all the table roaring;
 Amid the loud resounding glee
 A vision fair came back to me,
 A sweet pure face and bonny eyes,
 Like sunshine seen thro’ azure skies.

“To bonny eyes”—each tongue was fraught
 With eager lover’s praises,
 While I alone sat still and thought
 Of her with eyes like daisies;
 And as the brimming cup went ‘round,
 With song, and jest, and merry sound,
 I, of the joyous laughing crowd,
 Alone pledged not *her* eyes aloud.

I deemed that on these lips of mine
'Twas heartless desecration
To blend her pure sweet name and wine
In heedless dissipation ;
And so amidst the din and riot,
My tongue alone of all kept quiet,
And from my chair I did not rise
To pledge aloud her bonny eyes.

But in my heart of hearts I said
A thousand times, " God bless her ! "
And with mute lip and bended head,
Prayed angel hands caress her,
And keep her soul as pure and fair
As lilies born 'neath Summer's air,
And make me fit some time to win
Her guileless heart, so free from sin.

God grant that often, as to-night,
When idly bent and sinning,
Those bonny eyes may rise in sight,
So holy, true, and winning,
And with one gentle, loving glance,
Awake me from vain folly's trance,
And then in heart oft o'er and o'er
I'll pledge " to bonny eyes " e'er more.

ZETE

TO-MORROW MORNING.

A LITTLE prattler, whose young life
 Is just now at its dawning,
 When questioned of a future hope,
 Makes answer, " Morrer-mornin'."

" When will you be a lady proud,
 Poor waxen dollies scorning,
 And have as playthings diamonds bright?"
 Says, tersely, " Morrer-mornin'."

" When will you ride in coach and four,
 No broken broomstick mourning?"
 With brightening eyes she quick replies,
 " Sometime—to-morrer-mornin'."

With her, indeed, 'tis almost one,—
 The gloaming and the dawning,—
 A few short hours of happy sleep
 Divide her night and morning.

To older heads than her's the thought •
 Sends comfort, and yet warning;
 The wall between our life and death
 Will fall—to-morrow morning.

CHÂTEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

“CASTLES in Spain.” No yellow gold
 Weighs heavy on my hands;
 And yet, I have a wealth untold,
 Castles in foreign lands,
 High castles, reared with cunning skill,
 These all my wealth contain,
 And oh! what riches they that fill
 My grand “châteaux in Spain.”

For all about their gardens gay
 Rare flowers are blossoming,
 And roses all the live-long day
 A heavy fragrance fling
 Upon the balmy summer air,
 And on grass-plots they rain
 White showers of petals,—over there
 In my “châteaux in Spain.”

’Tis only there that my fond breast
 Hast gained its perfect bliss;
 ’Tis only there—love all confessed—
 Red rosebud lips I kiss.
 ’Tis only there a sovereign king
 Of dreamy eyes I reign;
 Ah! love hath sweetest blossoming
 In castles built “in Spain.”

'Tis only there my eager palm
 Caresseseth raven hair;
 'Tis only there that Gilead's balm
 Lives in the enchanted air;
 'Tis only there that dreamy eyes
 Look love to mine again,
 And warm lips whisper soft replies
 In my "châteaux in Spain."

Blissful enough the hours, I ween,
 Lived in the enchanted air;
 Lovely the fairy form and mien,
 The eyes, the raven hair
 Close braided to the dainty head,—
 But peace! why thus profane
 With words the happy life I've led
 In my "châteaux in Spain?"

When my high castles vanish all
 Into their former air,
 The fragile fabrics' ruthless fall
 Fills all my heart with care;
 But soon the care is gone, for Love
 Binds fancy in her chain,
 And rears once more—earth's woes above—
 New castles "out in Spain."

April, 1875.

* X *

MY TRUE-LOVE'S WEALTH.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
But when they do I tell them nay ;
For she hath wealth of nut-brown hair
 That falleth far her waist below,
And clusters round her shoulders fair,
 Like shadow upon driven snow.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
But when they do I tell them nay ;
For she hath eyes so soft and bright,
 Such depth of love within them lies
That stars in heaven would lose their light
 When placed beside my true-love's eyes.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
But when they do I tell them nay ;
For oh, she hath such dainty hands,
 So snowy white, so wee and small,
That had I wealth of Ophir's lands
 For one of them I'd give it all.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
But when they do I tell them nay ;
For sure she hath a face so fair,
 Such winsome light around it plays,
For worldly wealth I nothing care,
 So I can look upon her face.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
 But when they do I tell them nay ;
 For endless wealth of mind hath she,
 A heart so gentle, true, and pure,
 Her riches, they as countless be
 As shells upon the ocean's shore.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
 But when they do I tell them nay ;
 The sweet-brier bough hath less of grace,
 And on wild violets when she treads,
 They turn to look into her face,
 And scarcely bow their tiny heads.

My true-love hath no wealth, they say,
 But when they do I tell them nay ;
 For oh ! she hath herself, you see,
 And that is more than worlds to me.

December, 1875.

E — H — .

TRANSFORMATIONS.

IT is a gala night, and I,
 Among the crowd, not of it,
 Sit dumb in loud-mouthed revelry
 And watch the eyes that love it.
 Upon the pulsing summer air
 The weird waltz-music quivers,
 Whose throbings to my spirit bear
 The flow of rushing rivers.

To long-slept fancies it gives new birth,
 To dreams that a dead past cherished ;
 New fragrance to blossoming flowers of earth,
 Whose beauty erewhile perished.
 And to visions of by-gone summer nights,
 With their star-beams all a-quiver,
 And radiant faces and blessed lights,
 That have died from earth forever.

Now riseth some form of the old Romance,
 Some song rings soft and tender ;
 Cometh some duchess of feudal France,
 Some king in his purple splendor.
 But over them all an Undine face
 Smileth or weepeth ever,
 Where a lithe form moves in its elfin grace ;
 And I hear the Danube river.

The wail of the music, the faint perfumes,
 The flashing of wondrous faces,
 The shimmer of lace and the wealth of blooms
 Which beauty's proud form graces,
 I note, but one only mine eyes pursue,
 There's another arm about her,—
 I know she's as pure as the virgin dew
 And I never dream to doubt her.

When the dance-music ends, and when
 The billowy dance is ended,

In my heart the “Danube’s” melting strains
With her fairy form are blended;
Ever I hear the pleasant sound
Of the rushing river water,
Till she seems to me, in her lissome grace,
Some Erl-King’s Undine daughter.

Little I heed the babbling crowd,
And their light words lightly spoken;
I watch the gleam in her changeful eyes,
And take it as a token.
The Erl-King’s daughter glides away
With the hush of the swirling river,
Her dark eyes change into burning stars
That glow in heaven forever.

The fantasie fades. Once more she seems
But a fickle fashion’s creature;
I only know, out of all that throng,
Her woman’s tender nature;
I only see the love and trust
Concealed ’neath her careless seeming,
The wealth that her happy young heart holds;
And so—I go on dreaming.

When she passes, a perfume scents the air
With the fragrance of her kisses;
It comes from the jasmine flower that lies
Asleep in her sheeny tresses;

And a spray of the snowy jasmine rests
 Upon her heaving bosom,—
 As I catch the breath of the odorous flowers
 She seems a jasmine blossom.

Again the music. Again I hear
 The sound of the river water;
 I see as before the Undine-face
 Of the Erl-King's elfin daughter;
 Her eyes wear the lustre of Paradise stars,
 White jasmines twine about her;
 Her heart beats close to another's now,
 Yet I never dream to doubt her.

May, 1876.

X.

AMOR MANET.

Ah ! Well-a-day !
 The sweetest melody
 Dies out too soon ;
 Heigh-ho !
 The roses' glow
 Fades with June.

Alas ! alas !
 Our weariest moments pass
 Too swiftly by ;
 Ah, me !
 All joys that be,
 Be but to die.

Yet love still stays,
 E'en as in pristine days,
 Tho' all in vain;
 And oh!
 Its joy and woe
 E'er remain.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., November, 1876.

ZETE.

"CHERRIES."

I.

IN his easy chair reclining,
 Sat Sir Tristien, young and fair;
 Never thought he of repining,
 All his visions light as air.

II.

Up the foot-path, through the gate-way,
 Up the stately marble stair,
 Sunburned hands and feet all bare,
 Came a little peasant maiden,
 Blushing 'neath her golden hair.

III.

"Cherries?" said the little maiden;
 "No, begone!" Sir Tristien cried.
 "Cherries! ah, my little fair one,
 Place your basket by my side."

IV.

Gazing on the tempting cherries,
Then into the maiden's eyes,
" Which are redder, cheeks or cherries ?"
Thought Sir Tristien, in surprise.

V.

" And which *sweeter* ? Ah ! I'll *taste* them !
There, don't tremble, little dear ;
Sweeter far than all your cherries
Are the charms your blushes bear !"

VI.

Down the foot-path, through the gate-way,
Down the stately marble stair,
Sunburned hands and feet all bare,
Passed a little peasant maiden,
Blushing 'neath her golden hair.

VII.

Far adown the dusty highway,
Through the waving meadow-grass,
Tristien watched the little maiden,
Saw her with her cherries pass.

VIII.

" Pretty child," said fair Sir Tristien,
" Though she's of the humble crowd."
" Oh, how handsome ! Oh, how noble !"
Sighed the maiden, half aloud.

IX.

Summer passed, and balmy autumn
 Fringed the forest leaves with gold ;
 Winter came, and round the hearthstone
 Many wondrous tales were told.

X.

Gazing in the glowing firelight
 Sat a maiden pale and calm ;
 Tight she held the silver shilling
 Tristien pressed into her palm.

XI.

Far across the chilly moorland,
 O'er the fields all white with snow,
 Came the sound of jingling sleigh-bells,
 Rippling laughter, music's flow.

XII.

In Sir Tristien's knightly homestead
 Stately forms were seen to stand,—
 Noble ladies, courtly gallants,
 All the proudest of the land.

XIII.

Up the foot-path, through the gate-way,
 Up the icy marble stair,
 Trembling hands and feet all bare,
 Came a little peasant maiden,
 Deadly pale, yet wondrous fair ;

XIV.

Paused beneath the ancient archway,
Knelt beneath the window-pane,
Freezing, dying little maiden,
Paused and looked and gazed again.

XV.

Light the snow-flake fell upon her;
Chilly winds and music's sweep
Hushed the little blue-eyed maiden
Into death's unbroken sleep.

XVI.

And that night, Sir Tristien, dreaming,
Thought he saw a maiden fair,
Sunburned hands and feet all bare,
Blushing 'neath her golden hair,
Whisper, "Cherries?"—thought he kissed her,
Watched her form until he missed her,
Far adown the dusky road.

April, 1877.

REAVEL.

A WOMAN'S HAIR.

"Only a woman's hair."—SWIFT.

ONLY a woman's hair—
But a woman's royal dower;
And the canvas has glowed with its grace,
And poets have sung its power.

Only a woman's hair—
And she wears no other crown;
Then pardon the womanly pride
In its wealth of gold and brown.

Only a woman's hair—
But braided with womanly skill,
And shading a face so fair,
Has led them captive at will.

And 'tis only a woman's hair,
The token when lovers part,
But the silken tress is worn
Next to the manly heart.

And so a woman's hair
Is pledge of a love and a life,
Deed for that wonderful realm—
The loyal heart of a wife.

And if some day this shining tress,
So soft and sunny and bright,
Shall be hallowed by kisses and tears,
And laid away from the light,

Still will a woman's hair
Link the heart with the dead,
And still will the banner of love
Be furled o'er the precious head.

May, 1877.

LEA.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

WITHIN her cheek the red rose and the white
So fairly mingle, it must be the best
That both should conquer in the equal fight,
And as they mingle put all strife at rest;
For blushes as they come seem half ashamed,
And paleness steals from 'neath the radiant glow,
Till like carnations in the drifted snow,
Which is the brightest none can ever know.
Ah ! had she lived five hundred years ago,
Sweet truce had ne'er been broken, treason blamed,
Nor York nor Lancaster had ever struck a blow,
But both in homage bowed, both content
Upon so fair a queen to see their colors blent.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., May, 1877.

ZETE.

IN ABSENCE.

THY heart is a haven, love,
 And my heart is a rover,
 But thy love for me is a deep blue sea
 On which my heart comes over.

And no storm sweeps that sea,
 But there the sun shines ever,
 On its breast so deep as the shadows sleep
 At evening on the river.

My heart's good ship is light,
 For love is its only freighting ;
 And the dearest eyes 'neath yonder skies
 Are waiting, waiting, waiting.

November, 1878.

MA BLONDE.

CLEAR-CHEEKED, rose-lipped streamlet, dimple, dimple,
 Laugh and dance in sweetness simple, simple ;
 Bending down to kiss thy face,
 My features in thy eyes I trace.

Bright blonde, crowned with tresses golden, golden,
 More fair than crown of princess olden, olden,
 Alas ! the shimmer of thine eye
 Gives back no image ! Hence the sigh.

April, 1879.

THE BLUE RIDGE.

STRETCHING afar throughout the Virgin's land
The Blue Ridge towers in silent majesty.
How lovingly it views the "sacred soil,"
The Valley of Virginia,—garden spot,—
And nestling at its feet the fair Piedmont,
Teeming with fruitage ripe for harvesting.
Sleek cattle grazing on a thousand hills,
Between whose green slopes, gladdening all things, flow
The Shenandoah's gently-murmuring stream,
The Rappahannock and the "Bonnie James,"
While near at hand its dark, green mountains rise,
With each receding ridge of paler hue,
Until it fades into the misty sky !
Grand old Blue Ridge ! So peerless, though unsung !
Switzerland, snow-capped, may claim sublimity,
Soft Italy may boast her mellow tints,
And Greece her purple hills, yet none surpass
The beauty of thy pure ethereal blue !
But better far than beauty, it is thine
To inspire thy sons (as all true mountain-born)
With high resolve and noble sentiment;
Breathing in all whate'er their sphere may be,
A glorious God-inspired heritage—
"Live firmly in the Whole, the Good, the True!"

January, 1880.

ON A PICTURE OF M—.

“ Her face more fair
 Than sudden singing April in soft lands.
 * * * * * * * *
 There is no touch of sun or fallen rain
 That ever fell on a more gracious thing.

SWINBURNE.

I.

IN God's bright world there are so many things
 So wonderful we cannot pause to take
 A glance at all. 'Round some of these there clings
 A halo which maketh all our senses ache
 With beauty. Yet no man may turn away
 From this miraculous face
 Without a wish to either weep or pray,—
 So sanctified or purified it is with heavenly grace,
 But radiant as the dawning of a golden summer day.

II.

Oh, flower-soft face, so still, so sad, so sweet,
 Whose every curving line is beauty's own,
 Surely the heart which doth not faster beat
 Beneath thy smile must be a heart of stone.
 In the dear light of those translucent eyes
 Dimly the old world dreams
 Flood through my soul like morning melodies,
 And down the purple sun-dawn Aurora's chariot gleams
 And Aphrodite glimmers 'neath serenely-smiling skies.

III.

She should have lived thousands of years ago,
 In that dim age, half human, half divine,
 When storm-winds never stirred life's rhythmic flow,
 Nor dregs fell in the Bacchanalian wine.
 Think of her, painter, lying still and fair,
 Far in the silent youth—
 Her face turned upward to the dazzling air,
 With the honey bees a-murmur around her maiden
 mouth,
 And the gold'en Grecian sunlight on her hyacinthine hair.

June, 1880.

J. L. G.

LOVE AND DEATH.

(J. B. G—, SEPTEMBER 13, 1880.)

IN the hushed twilight, amid shadows gray,
 Alone I stand and dream in this old place
 That knew us twain as boys, on which thy face
 May shine no more forever. A new day
 O'er grander hills than yon dim mountains seen
 Thro' troublous tears of mine hath dawned for thee.
 The sky is bluer there; more emerald green
 The wolds and dells; and there is no more sea.
 And still old songs go ringing thro' my brain,
 Old shadows haunt me and old dreams pursue,—
 So that, perplexed, I question in my pain
 The wisdom that hath promised "all things new,"
 Until my soul, by love uplifted, reads
 The mystery right at last "that hangs behind the creeds."

September, 1880.

A.

FOAM PICTURES.

A BREATHLESS sky; a sultry night;
A crowded beach aglow with light;
A group of bathers in the ocean,
Exulting in the waves' mad motion.
Fair bosoms breast the moonlit tide,
And strong arms dash the surf aside;
And the foam-flakes laugh as they rustle in
O'er rounded form and dimpled chin.
Whilst over all, and in and out,
Soft music winds itself about,
As the silvery notes of the *Liebstraum* float
Far out at sea to the fisher's boat;
And the fishermen say, as they hoist the sail,
"The waves are hissing, there'll be a gale."

Adown the waves the silver moon
Descends to kiss the silver sand;
While from the sea the sea-bird's cry
Breaks on the music of the band.

A sudden tempest's sullen roar,
A vessel struggling near the shore,
Her cables parting with a shock,
Mad waves that tumble o'er a rock.
White faces, sobs, a prayer or so,
A crash, a cry of helpless woe,
As through the caverns of the sea
Frail mortals seek Eternity,

And over all the lightnings play,
And Nature sings Death's roundelay.

The wild waves moan along the shore,
The wild winds sob and sigh;
And high above the breakers' roar
Is heard the sea-birds' cry.

Along the east faint streaks of light,
Foam-crested breakers gleaming white,
Some dim forms moving on the shore,
And others still for evermore.

Some women making piteous moan
O'er faces carven out of stone.
While on the dead and living all
A cold mist settles like a pall.

A sound of sighing from the surf,
And from the beach a wailing cry;
And over all the breakers' roar,
And over all a leaden sky.

January, 1881.

R. G.

EDELWEISS.

PILLOWED in cushions of ice and snow,
Peeping over the precipice bare,
The white clouds kiss thee as on they go,
And the world and its mortals are far below,
And only the Alps are there.

Thou lookest alone on the rising sun,
 While the hamlets below are lapped in gloom ;
 The first to see the day begun
 And the last, when its little course is run,
 To gaze into its tomb.

Dost thou never think of the garden-bed ?
 Dost thou never wish that thou wert a rose ?
 Or yearn for the gentian's blue instead
 Of that passionless white, or long for the red
 Which the tiger-lily shows ?

When thou liest asleep in the silent night,
 While over the crags peers the moon's pale face ;
 And down the snow trip the moonbeams light,
 And strive to drag in mad delight
 Each shade from its hiding-place,—

Dost thou dream, in thy icy, cloud-swept nest,
 Of a sky where warmer hues are blent ?
 Or nestle in dreams on a rounded breast,
 Content to die, and dying rest
 Where many a flower hath died content ?

Ah, no ! In thy home where no foot hath trod,
 A fitting mate for the snow and ice,
 A marble flower on a marble sod,
 Chiselled, forsooth, by the hand of God,
 Thou art frostier still than thy home, Edelweiss.

June, 1881.

G. R.

THE GOLD STRING.

THE minstrel's harp was daintily strung,
 And empearled like a shell of the sea ;
 Sweet ran the chords he swept as he sung,
 In the pride of the minstrelsy.

And amid the strings of the harp, somewhere,
 But where could never be told,
 For all were gilded to see and fair,
 There nestled one string of gold.

And whatever tones the minstrel brought
 From the chords he waked from sleeping,
 Into the music all unsought
 A thrilling sound came creeping ;

For high above the pulsing beat,
 The surge of the song and the shiver,
 With a sound more clear and a note more sweet
 The golden string would quiver.

And souls peered out from the prison bars
 As the worldlings stopped to listen,
 And thought of something beyond the stars,
 And dull eyes 'gan to glisten.

And those whose grief had choked them broke
 At the sound of the harp and the sobbing ;
 For in every heart an echo woke
 From the gold string and its throbbing.

And mortals thought that one sweet note
 Had slipped thro' the great pearl portal,
 Down the dim depths of space afloat
 To earth from the choir immortal.

* * * * * * * *
 But the fountain-drops splash with a liquid chime
 On the brook which floats to the sea;
 And we are but drops in the stream of Time,
 As it sweeps to Eternity.

* * * * * * * *
 So there came a dawn in the early spring,
 When never a song remains unsung,
 When birds are lightest on the wing,
 And the gray world again feels young.

The meadows sparkled with morning dew,
 Twittered the birds in their wildwood bower;
 They rustled their little throats and grew
 Half mad with joy of the passing hour.

The nightingale piped his lustiest lay,
 (Now was the time for a song, or never),
 The sweet tune rose and died away,
 But the minstrel's harp was stilled forever.

The breeze, all wanton, touched the strings,
 But they echoed back no token,
 And the mourners sobbed as the sun went down,
 For the golden string lay broken!

December, 1881.

G. P. R.

AFTER THE DIPLOMA.

THERE is no sentiment 'tween man and man,
At least so says the world; and when men part,
'Tis but a pressure of the hand; the heart
Is silent in two passionless good-byes,
And so men drift asunder. Women can
Press lips to lips, look love from eyes to eyes;
But men turn off to reach their separate ends,
And he who should by chance their faces scan
Would little guess that good-by parted friends.

And you go out to meet the world. Oh, boy,
My friend, when shall the old days come again?
And when they come shall we be boys, tho' men?
When shall we meet? When shall our pathways cross?
No more perhaps; for man is but a toy,
A plaything for a wilful fate to toss
Upon the sea of life, and so our ways
May wander on and on, till pain or joy
Has covered with a mist our college days.

Good-by! Oh, blue-eyed, brown-haired boy, my friend!
Old fellow, may the world wag well with you.
Our paths divide, and out beyond our view
The land far stretches where the sun goes down,
And on the east the sea. Shall our paths blend?
But if your eyes so blue and mine so brown

Shall meet on earth no more, then when the noise
Of life is hushed, life's battle at an end,
God grant that we may meet above as boys.

June 23, 1883.

V. A. UNIV.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

'Tis only a pair of woman's eyes,
So long-lashed, soft and brown,
Half hiding the light that in them lies,
As dreamily looking down.

'Tis only the dainty curve of a lip,
Half full, half clear defined,
And the shell-like pink of a finger-tip,
And a figure half reclined.

'Tis only a coil of rich, dark hair,
With sunlight sifted through,
And a truant curl just here and there,
And a knot of ribbon blue.

'Tis only the wave of a feather fan,
That ruffles the creamy lace,
Loose gathered about the bosom fair,
By Rhine-stones held in place.

'Tis only the toe of a high-heeled shoe,
With the glimpse of a color above,—
A stocking tinted a faint sky-blue,
The shade that lovers love.

'Tis only a woman—a woman, that's all,
 And, as only a woman can,
 Bringing a heart to her beck and call
 By waving her feather fan.

'Tis only a woman, and I—'twere best
 To forget that waving fan.
 She only a woman,—you know the rest ?
 But I am only a man.

April, 1884.

W. C. NAMELOC.

IN THE GERMAN.

SHE stood upon the polished floor,
 Amid the ball-room's blazing light,
 And slowly scanned the circle o'er,
 That formed the dance that night.

(The waltz they played was *Woman's Love.*)
 She stood and stroked her long white glove.

The creamy silk her form caressed,
 A bunch of plumes hung o'er her heart;
 Her bosom by soft lace was pressed,
 Her rich, red lips apart.

(The German was the dance that night.)
 One high-heeled shoe was just in sight.

She held a favor in her hand,
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,
A tiny heart—yet he would stand,
Who won that prize, a king.

(The waltz they played was *Woman's Love.*)
How fast my throbbing heart did move !

Men watched her there with eager eyes,
The light upon her curls did shine ;
Then with a look of sweet surprise,
Her great gray eyes met mine.

(The German was the dance that night.)
She smiled,—her smile was wondrous bright.

She waved her fan coquettishly,
And half inclined her well-poised head,
As in a tone part coy, part shy,
“Here take my heart,” she said.

(The waltz they played was *Woman's Love.*)
Her hand in mine lay like a dove.

I felt love in my pulses start,
She was my own for that brief space ;
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,
Her breath played o'er my face.

(The German was the dance that night.)
The dawn broke slowly into light.

Has she who gave forgotten quite ?

I wear that heart my own above.

(The German was the dance that night ;

The waltz they played was *Woman's Love*).

November, 1884.

W. C. NAMELOC.

O FIERCE DOG !

METHOUGHT the stars were blinking bright,

The night was still, the moon looked down ;

I said, " I'll call on my love this night

At the other side of the town."

I stepped abroad, I walked so fast

That soon I'd reached her park ;

That dog that oft before I'd passed

Did bark and bark and bark !

O fierce dog ! O furious dog !

O dog with the bob, bob tail,

Let me alone, the pants are my own,

And they are old and frail !

My love she lives in this fine house,

Feeding her dog for aye ;

I looked in the window, saw not a mouse—

My love had gone away.

I took my way thro' the open door,

The dog did growl amain ;

No light did flash, no creaking floor

Did sound to relieve my pain.

O fierce dog ! O furious dog !
 Your bark doth make me quail ;
 I came this night to whisper love,
 And not to weep and wail !

My love she came, but all too late !
 Her eyes were grave and sweet.
 Methought she said, " In this torn state,
 Oh, is it thus we meet !"
 Oh, maid most dear, I still am here,
 I have no pants, no dykes—
 No clothing more to enter your door
 These starry, moonlight nights.
 O fierce dog ! O furious dog !
 Till you began to prowl,
 I listened to my love's sweet voice,
 And heeded not your growl !

November, 1884.

V.

MY SHIP.

MAY calls and beckons, and on the trees
 The brown buds thicken from day to day ;
 And wasted by the favoring breeze,
 The white-winged vessels crowd the bay.

Away to the wharves as the sun goes down
 And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
 Are dying away in the busy town,
 I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
 Rosy with sunset like mellow wine,
 Where ships like lilies lie tranquilly,
 Many and fair,—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night,
 Who over the bulwarks lean,
 Noting the ships as they come in sight,
 “Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?”

“Whence does she come?” they ask of me;
 “Who is her master and what her name?”
 And they smile upon me pityingly,
 When my answer is ever the same.

“Oh, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
 Her sails were as white as the young lamb’s fleece;
 She sailed long since from the port of Youth;
 Her master was Love and her name was Peace.”

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
 She faded in distance and doubt away;
 With only a tremble of snowy wings
 She floated a-down the bay.

And since I watch from the morning light
 Till the pale stars shine o’er the dying day,
 To catch the gleam of her canvas white
 Among the islands that gem the bay.

But she comes not yet,—she will never come
 To gladden my eyes and spirit more ;
 And my heart with a shudder grows faint and dumb,
 As I watch and wait on the lonely shore.

For I know that tempest, and time, and storm
 Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark ;
 Rank sea-weeds cover her wasted form,
 And her sails are tattered, and stained, and dark.

The tide comes up and the tide goes down,
 And the daylight follows the night's eclipse ;
 And still with sailors tanned and brown,
 I lounge on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope—
 For wrecked and sunken she long has been—
 I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
 And watch to see if my ship comes in.

December, 1884.

THE HARP-GIRL.

(From the German of Heine.)

A LITTLE wand'ring harp-girl sang
 With simple art and childish feeling ;
 Tho' notes were false, they thro' me rang
 As if my soul revealing.

She sang of love, and love's dear sorrow
 Ascended up and found again,
 Far overhead, that sweet to-morrow,
 Where sorrows must refrain.

And much she sang of the earthly goal,
 Of earthly joys which soon are flown,
 Of golden shores where flits the soul,
 Clothed in its snowy gown.

She sang the old dismissal song,
 So oft by mourning friendship given,
 To waft earth-weary souls along
 Across death's sea to heaven.

And so the wand'ring harp-girl sang
 With simple art and childish feeling ;
 Tho' notes were false they thro' me rang,
 As if my soul revealing.

December, 1884.

MEISTERSINGER.

PLANTATION SONG.

De big sunflower may rise above
 De modes' 'tater-vine,
 An' flaunt aroun' in Sunday close
 An' put on a'rs so fine.

But when de winter am a-howlin' roun'
 An' de snow lays 'gin de do',
 De big sunflower, oh, whar is he?
 De 'tater got de flo'.

February, 1885.

YE POET TO HIS LADYE LOVE.

THREE RONDEAUX.

I.

SWEETE Misstresse Maye:
 Y^t She Will Bee Hys Valentyne.

Sweete Mistresse Maye, debonaire,
 I vrge thee hearken to mye Prayer
 Vpon y^e Page traced in y^s Lyne,
 Mye Muse would faine y^e Task declyne,
 Bewildered bye thye Beautie rare.

I pracie thee make mee not despaire,
 Ye whilste I doe mye Love declare
 Ande begge thee bee mye Valentyne,
 Sweete Mistresse Maye.

Thou art contrarie, some wov'd sweare,
 (Ye savcie Jades such Envie beare),
 Butte faine wov'd I mye Hearte resigne,
 Ande praye thine owne in place of mine :
 Provde thenne I'd bee beyonde compare,
 Sweete Mistresse Maye !

II.

A RONDEAU, IN Y^E PRAISE OF HYS MISTRESS^Y EYES.

O EYES divine, whose Beautie glows
(I weene y^e Nighte such Starres ne'er showes)
Atweene y^{se} Lashes cvrled and longe,
Yovr lvcid Blve canne dreame noe Wronge,
Whenne soft att Night y^e thinne Lyddes close.

Like Pansies blooming in Repose,
Above y^e Cheek's translucent Rose
Fytte theme are Ye for Poet's Song,
O Eyes Divine !

To rydde my Hearte of all its Woes
Y^e Depth of Love abvndante flowes,
Y^t in yovr Blve bvrnes bright and stronge ;
Ye to mye Ladye-Love belonge,
Ande gleame each side her daintie Nose,
O Eyes divine !

III.

GOODE-NIGHTE, SWEETEHEARTE.

Goode-Nighte, Sweetehearte ! Good-Nighte, my Sweete !
Y^e Watchman crying in y^e Streete,
Has told y^e Houre whenne I must goe—
“Twelve of y^e Clocke ! Alle's Welle !”—ande soe
I leave thee with relvctant Feete.

As cryes y^e Watchman on his Beate,
 Beneathe thy Windowe I repeate,—
 “ Twelve of y^e Clocke ! Alle's Welle,” I trowe ;
 Goode-Nighte, Sweetehearte !

Bvte rosie Morn y^e Worlde shalle greete,
 And bydde y^e cruell Nighte retreate,—
 Mye Lyppeſ thy Lyddes once more shall knowe,
 Thine Eyes into mine Eyes shalle glowe,—
 Good-Nighte, deare Love, till thenne we meet,
 Goode-Nighte, Sweetehearte !

February, 1885.

W. C. NAMELOC.

LA CHAMPAGNE D'AMOUR.

Be on thy guard, dear heart,
 Be on thy guard.
 See that thou be not taken unawares ;
 Yield not too blindly to her charms ;
 Fast close thy gates ; let him who rashly dares
 Deceive himself with false alarms.

Be on thy guard, dear heart,
 Be on thy guard.

Make brave defence, dear heart,
 Make brave defence.
 But if the overpowering enemy
 Environ thee with serried host,

And 'mid charms militant no coquetry
 Storm ruthlessly thy guarded post,
 Yield gracefully, dear heart.
 Yield graciously.

Then rouse thyself, dear heart,
 Then rouse thyself.

Vae victori! Compel the conqueress,
 Who erstwhile conquered thee, in turn.
 Employ thy might, thine art, thy brave address ;
 No peace, or her heart-towers burn.
 So rouse thyself, dear heart,
 So rouse thyself.

Then shall she yield, dear heart,
 Then shall she yield.

Make generous peace ; join sometime warring hosts ;
 In sweet confederacy combine ;
 Until your happy union proudly boasts
 That thou art hers, that she is thine.
 Thy task is done, dear heart,
 Thy task is done.

March, 1885.

4 M.

CORKING.

OF all the ills that life entails,
 The worst, there's no use talking,
 Is to sit like an ass
 In the Moral class,
 And be corking, gently corking.

The Devil I stopped in the road one day,
 While around the world he was stalking,
 And I said, "Do you know
 In the regions below
 A torture as awful as corking?"

He dropped a professor he had in his arms,
 And, as he was tired of walking,
 Hung the curl of his tail
 On the end of a rail,
 And said, "No, we have nothing like corking."

And now as I toil with a black-board full
 Of questions long and balking,
 I sigh for the day
 When I'll hasten away
 To the place they have nothing like corking !

March, 1885.

FRIENDS.

Two friends there were who down the sunny years
 Went hand in hand along the pleasant ways
 Of college life—there are no more such days,
 As college days : ambition, hope, no fears.
 And of those friends a passion deep as tears
 Ruled over one ; but reticent of praise,
 And slow to show his heart, careless always,
 The other seemed to move in alien spheres.

These friends as men the great world shook apart ;
 One bade farewell with smiles and one with tears ;
 And time went sweeping on his course to fill.
 To him who gave the fervor of his heart
 That friendship lies forgotten in the years ;
 But he who careless seemed remembers still.

April, 1885.

V. A. UNIV.

TO ——.

FAIRER than tongue can tell
 Or pictured art,
 Thine is the witching spell
 Love doth impart.
 Clasping my golden chains,
 Singing in olden strains,
 All of my soul is thine,
 Maid of my heart !

Sweet ! thou canst never know
 Love such as mine ;
 Still let thy heart bestow
 Such as is thine ;
 Give what I've striven for,
 Care shall be driven far ;
 Drinking long draughts of love,
 Nectar divine.

May, 1885.

BENEDICT.

BONNYBEL.

BENEATH her bonnet's dainty brim
 Are two bright eyes,
 Like summer skies,
 That laugh below a fluffy rim
 Of tangled hair,
 Which I declare
 Is cute, though anything but trim.

Between her eyes so blue and fair
 A saucy nose,
 With upward pose,
 Is impudently tossed in air,
 Quite *retroussé*.
 Ah, well-a-day,
 You are a saucy miss, I swear!

Beneath her nose so *retroussé*
 Two lips a-smile
 With witching wile,
 Like roses blossoming in May;
 Those lips apart,
 With cunning art,
 Will well-nigh steal your heart away.

Beneath that fluffy fall of lace,
 Upon her breast
 So softly pressed,

A saucy heart there beats apace.
Ah, sweet, I pray
That soon I may
Within that dear heart find a place.

May, 1885.

J. L. K.

THE LILY AND THE BROOK.

WHILE passing along by the rippling brook,
Where the fairies dwell in their sunny nook,
I saw a lily bending low,
Kissing the rippling stream below ;
But the stream rushed on with its busy pace,
Ne'er giving a thought to the lily's face.

December, 1885.

STET.

ADIEU.

LIST to my simple lay,
Queen of my heart !
Words that I fain would say,
Thickly upstart.
. Hot blood is beating fast,
Moments are fleeting past,
Soon we must part.

Long has wild love for thee
 Burned in my breast,
 Living out painfully
 Years of unrest.
 Never despairingly,
 Madly and daringly,
 Always within my soul
 Fond hope is pressed.

Then thy heart turned to me
 Nestled in mine,
 Clasping me lovingly,
 Rapture divine !
 Ills ceased oppressing me,
 Love, sweetly blessing me,
 Thrilled all my beating veins,
 Joyous as wine.

Now must I leave thy side ;
 Fates still pursue ;
 Oh, let thy love abide
 Fervent and true !
 Clasping thee, pressing this
 Last, long, caressing kiss,
 Soul of my soul beloved,
 Darling, adieu !

December, 1885.

F. R. L.

A TOAST.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast."
Each could of some one boast,
Of some one who had loved him most.
"Give us her name," they cried;
"Is she living, or has she died?
No matter. Give us a toast," they cried.
Why should I say I had ever loved?
'Twas unknown to all, save Him who's above.
Why should I give to them her full name?
I could drink to —, 'twould be just the same.
My love was unknown to all the feast;
Sure, I could think of her this night at least.
So I rose and held my glass on high,
And tho' years had flown, was that a sigh?
"Is she young and is she fair?
Tell us the color of your loved one's hair."
"She's as bright," I cried, "as this glass of wine!"
Why should I say she'd never be mine?
"Her teeth are pearls from the deep blue sea!"
Why should I say she had never loved me?
"The color of her hair is a golden hue,
Her eyes are of an indescribable blue."
Why should I say my heart was sore?
I had said enough, there was need of no more.
They rose with a laugh, and, with eyes on me,
Each man raised his glass, and with a shout full of glee,—

“ Here’s to your love, and to you a success.”
 Each man thought I could wish no less.
 Why should I tell them ’twas all in vain,
 That she laughed at me when she saw my pain ?
 Why should I say my heart was sore ?
 I had said enough, there was need of no more,

December, 1885.

CANTATRICE.

YE YNNKE SPOTTE.

Y^E Ynnke opinyng^e Hee y^a Smart^e
 Hath^e takⁿ scrvvie Paynes and gotte^e
 Ovt of Hys Waie to^e leav^e a Blotte^e
 Vponne my^e Book^e hys Ovt-Side Part^e.

Bvt^te Look^e! Knav^e Cvpyd hys Deep^e Art^e
 Y^s to^e bee Seen. Yis tricksie Spott^e
 Y^s rather^e to^e bee Pryz^d Y^a nolle^e;
 Forr y^{tt} y^s sharpe^e lyk^e a Heart^e!

January, 1886.

A REVERIE.

At eventide, when all is calm,
 And shadows flit across the lea,
 Fond memory with its soothing balm
 Wafts recollection dear to me.

I think of days now past and gone,
Of pleasures we have often shared,
Of sorrows which alike were borne
By each for whom the other cared.

How sweet the scenes of by-gone years !
How dear we loved each other then !
But now how changed by sorrow's tears
That joy which ne'er can be again !

Like leaves that on a streamlet swift
Glide side by side, our love has been ;
But like them parted, now we drift
Asunder, ne'er to meet again.

'Tis pleasant to remember all
The sweetness of the happy past ;
So let Oblivion's curtain fall
On sorrow, but let pleasure last.

January, 1886.

D. de L.

A MIRAGE.

THE long, slim shadows from the rising moon
Fell on my love and me, and stretched far off
Athwart the velvet grass. The dreary day
Was now to close with bliss the gods themselves,
With all their wealth of rapturous bliss, ne'er felt.
But when my heart gave one tumultuous bound

Of great delight that we were thus alone,
 Lo ! even then, she crushed the rising hope,
 Took from my lips the cup which I would drink,
 And left me thirsting as old Dives' self
 Ne'er thirsted in hell's torments of the lost.
 For then, with heartless cruelty, she went,
 On slight pretext, to leave me there forlorn,
 In depths of desperate misery plunged ; and went
 To leave me, not upon the lawn, which erst
 Had seemed a beauteous paradise, but stretched
 Upon an arid waste of desert sand,
 Without a hope to live ; my only wish
 To win forgetfulness of self, of pain,
 Of her, and find relief and peace in death.

* * * * * * * * *

As when some traveller on Sahara's sands
 Has lost himself, and hope abandoned long,
 And prays for death to stop the pangs of life,
 But, all despondent, looking hopeless up,
 Sees on before a glorious stretch of green,
 With lofty trees and babbling brooks, to save
 And strengthen him for all his onward march,—
 E'en so came my mirage in my despair.
 For then I dreamed her face was close to mine,
 I felt her sweet, warm breath play on my cheek,
 As Adam once felt his Creator's come
 To give him life. And now, with life, came more—
 Came wish to live, and firm resolve to lead
 A higher, holier, purer life, thenceforth,

For her dear sake and for my love to her.
No hot blood then coursed maddening through my veins,
But cool, delicious streams, with mighty power
To raise me high above my former self,
To love without an earth-taint marring it.
I did not even wish, with touch profane,
To give caresses to her dimpled cheek,
Or steal one lingering kiss from her rich lips,
Or let my hand stray through her massy hair,
Or ask for any boon which lovers deem
Their right and hold so dear. Enough for me
To know that she was near, and that my soul
Was wedded to her soul in love divine.
And as my raptured thought looked on adown
The vista of the years to come, it seemed
That they were filled with more than heavenly joy,
With this grand creature ever by my side.

* * * * *

So long this glory lasted that the trees
Drew to their trunks the lengthy shadows frail,
And massed them there ; and then towards the east
Saw them stretch out to greet the coming morn.
And then, alas ! my throbbing heart stood still.
The dream was past, and with it life was gone.

October, 1886.

TO ——.

My heart is gone as Cupid leads,
And me for thee it does forswear.
Reveal to me, if I must needs
To seek it from my lady fair;
For if thou fain wouldest keep it there
Then send me thine for mine which pleads
That one soul should not have a pair,
And heartless be to heart that bleeds.

January, 1887.

THE MODERN OLYMPUS.

HIS noontide heat the orb of day had past,
And now the growing shadows lengthen fast,
When, in obedience to great Jove's command,
The gods assembled in an august band;
And gathering in the stately pillared hall,
They wait the object of the monarch's call.
Majestic Jove with gloomy brow surveyed
That lordly throng who his behest obeyed,
And them addressed : " Immortals, well ye know
That, of the human race on earth below,
Our followers are all disciples true
Who search for knowledge and, our will to do,
Before our altars burn the midnight oil,
Hoping that thus success may crown their toil.

Well have they served, but now grow discontent,
And on some recreation all are bent.
They crave to dance, and so to me they pray
Upon this point to let them have their way ;
But after careful thought and meditation,
This question I resolved as an equation,
In which the unknown quantity is sin,
Increasing fast when once it doth begin,
And soon not even calculus can show
To what excess of vice it will not go.
If mathematics cannot count the cost,
They lose not, though the pleasure may be lost.
On this account I have denied their prayer ;
Yet, lest I might be ever thought unfair,
I now submit their plea before you all,
The dread tribunal of th' Olympic Hall.”
The monarch ceased, and for a little space
A solemn silence rested on the place.
Then rose bright Phoebus with the fiery hair,
With whom for form and feature none compare,
And spake in thrilling and impassioned tone
With eloquence to move a heart of stone :
“ O Gods, I would not dance if I knew how,
Because it’s wicked as we all allow,
And if a person dances, I know well
He’s far advanced upon the road to Tartarus.” *

* Somehow this does not exactly rhyme, but it was the best word the ancients had.

Then Ceres, who o'er agriculture reigns,
And guides in botany the rustic swains,
Stood forth and spake : " O Gods, I little care
Whether they dance or not, but this I swear,—
That my disciples have no time indeed
For such amusements, since it is agreed
Their toils surpass e'en those of Hercules."

She stops and on each face approval sees ;
And pleased with the unusual favor shown,
With beaming face resumes her stately throne.

Next, Mercury, who rides upon the wind,
Of whose original and brilliant mind
Boethius, Chaucer, Shakespeare, all do tell,
Then rose and spake : " O Jove, I know full well
That thou hast rightly judged, and so I say,
Let not weak mortals dance, e'en though they may
Be not thus harmed ; which I do doubt, and think
That this alone would lead them on to drink
Celestial nectar, which would drive them mad."

So spake the god with dismal face and sad.

Next, Pallas, who reigns over abstruse thought
And all philosophy, then rose and brought
Her gems of logic to assist their choice,
And, after frequent stops to clear her voice,
Thus spake : " O Gods, I have reflected long
Upon this point, and find the dance is wrong.
For, view this proposition in extension,
And by the Third Law, which I need not mention,
We know there cannot be a *tertium quid*,

Which also Occham's law must quite forbid.
 So then there is no mood that this will fit.
 Not even "Fokmafokf" can furnish it.
 And now you see from this account succinct
 The *non-ego* and *ego* are distinct.
 Hence we infer, without the slightest chance
 Of error, that these mortals must not dance."
 Quite stunned by this, the gods a moment pause
 Ere showing their approval in applause.
 Up rose then Venus, more than mortal fair,
 And shaking back her tangled locks, which ne'er
 Had suffered from the touch of comb or brush,
 She smiled and raised her hand, at which a hush
 Fell o'er the throng, whom then she thus addressed :
 "Stop, gentlemen, pray do not romp and roister,
 And make, I beg, no more noise than *anoyster* :
 For to this question of the dance I'd *danswer*,
 If we don't stop them we must let each dancer
Dancor not dance." So spake the Queen of Beauty.
 Thereon, obedient to the call of duty,
 The amorous Bacchus from his seat thus spake :
 "This high court of uncommon pleas must take
 The cognizance of a peculiar cause
 To judge by fancy and Olympic laws.
 Wherein consider : These our slaves have filed
 A declaration setting forth their wild
 Desire for the dance, but pray observe
 The court has quashed, as it did well deserve,
 This action, showing that the laws of Nature

Work well in absence of a legislature.
His judgment I support upon appeal.
Witness thereto this day my hand and seal.”
Next rose the graceful god from down below,
And with the bold free glance we all well know,
Surveyed the throng ; and from triassic strata,
Essayed to bring his thoughts upon this matter,
Leaving a little time his rocks and ores
And palaeontologic dammolebores ;
Then eloquently spake : “ Oh, ye immortals,
Secure I dwell within my palace portals,
And ever shun vain woman’s tender gaze,
Lest I unwittingly should let them raise
Fond hopes, alas ! yet cherished but to die.
Thus to myself I live, nor do I sigh
To tread the dance’s maze, nor do I see
Why all do not take pattern after me.”

Upon these words a murmur of assent
From lip to lip around the circle went,
And swelling upward into loud applause,
Resounded as a death-knell to the cause ;
And then, as with one voice, the gods pronounced
The sentence that the dance must be renounced.
Now from the lofty-columned judgment halls,
Exeunt omnes, and the curtain falls.

February, 1887.

AT THE OPERA.

"Swung by the might of music up to the Spirit land."

SCHILLER.

BENEATH the gas-lamps' glow,
Where light tides of laughter flow,
And the music of the orchestra breathes tenderly and low,
I watch fair eyes that gleam,
And faces here that seem
To blossom, fade and blossom, like dream faces through
a dream.

And the flash of waving fans,
Held in white and jewelled hands,
Bring odors as of light winds blown from hyacinth-
haunted lands;
Till the heated air is stirred
With a flute-note like a bird,
And as one voice rises upward no other sound is heard.

For the bright lights seem to sway,
And the air turns pale and gray,
And the orchestra seems silent and the faces fade away;
Borne on music's waves I go,
With that voice's ebb and flow,
To far lands 'neath a Southern sun where radiant roses
blow.

And my heart beats faster, filled
 With my youth's lost hope, and thrilled
 With the ecstasy I knew when first love's golden trumpets
 shrilled :
 As again and yet again
 That sorrow-shattering strain
 Floods over me its liquid waves of rapture and of pain.

Ah, as the clear voice slips
 Through Love's Apocalypse,
 A white hand seems to hold the cup of Lethe to my lips ;
 Through fields of flower-bright sod,
 By paths God's angels trod,
 I follow where one golden voice goes ringing up to God.

Old bitter thoughts decrease—
 Old bitter memories cease—
 The world is wrapped in sunshine and the winds are
 whispering peace ;
 No more life seems forlorn
 Every rose has lost its thorn,
 As on the rippling tides of song my tranced heart is borne.

And now the song is done—
 And again the bright lights run
 Across the flash of jewelled hands like rain-drops in the
 sun ;

And I hear again the beat
Of the viols low and sweet,
And smell again the hyacinth blooms athwart the sum-
mer heat.

But though memory and regret
May make my lashes wet,
The music I have heard to-night I never shall forget ;
For through song's golden door
And along its heavenward floor
My soul went nearer unto God than it ever was before.

March, 1887.

J. L. G.

SAL'S TOWSER AND MY TROUSER.

A RUSTIC IDYL BY A RUSTIC IDLER.

BUT yestere'en I loved thee whole,
Oh, fashionable and baggy trouser !
And now I loathe and hate the hole
In thee, I do, I trow, sir.

I sallied out to see my Sal,
Across yon round hill's brow, sir ;
I didn't know she, charming gal,
Had a dog,—a trouser-browser.

I'd sauntered in quite trim and spruce,
When on a sudden, oh, my trouser,
I felt thee seized where thou'rt most loose,—
I tarried there with Towser.

I on the fence, he down below,
 And thou the copula, my trouser,
 I thought he never would let go,—
 This gentle Towser.

They say that fashion cuts thee loose,
 But not so fashioned is Sal's Towser ;
 Thou gavest away at last, no use
 To tarry, tear'd trouser.

Miss Sarah she is wondrous sweet,
 And I'd have once loved to espouse her,
 But my calling trowser has no seat,—
 I left it there with Towser.

So all unseated is my suit ;
 I must eschew Miss Sarah now, sir ;
 He's chewed my trouser ; 'twouldn't suit
 Me to meet Towser.

December, 1887.

RUSTICUS.

WHEN SHADOWS FALL.

RONDEL.

Now the heart is young, and love is sweet,
 And the spring-time of life and its summer meet,
 With never a sigh for the winter to be ;
 The sun shines bright, and the way is free,
 With joy replete.

But the darkness comes when no man can see;
 Joy ceases to visit and fears to flee,
 And the faded loves cling mournfully,
 When shadows fall.

May our days be happy, full, complete,
 And the paths be smooth for piteous feet
 To walk on. May life's billowy sea
 Sink down to ripples restfully,
 When shadows fall.

April, 1888.

W.

REFLECTION.

AN EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH VERSE.

WITHIN the deepening mirror of thine eyes
 I see a sweet reflection of my face ;
 But well I know that beauteous mirror lies,
 For it doth lend to me a sweeter grace
 Than that which I possess. A flatt'ring trace
 Of softened features there my love espies
 Within the deepening miror of thine eyes.

Within the deepening mirror of thine eyes
 I see a sweet reflection of my face ;
 Oh ! let no glist'ning tear-drop there arise,
 Close not thine eager eyelids for a space,
 However brief it be, lest it efface,
 Ere imaged on thy soul, the lie that lies
 Within the deepening mirror of thine eyes.

June, 1888.

EDMUND WATSON TAYLOR.

RECOLLECTIONS.**I.**

REMEMBERING her 'neath earlier skies,
With April winds astir,
Existence gains a fairer guise
Remembering her.

In golden noons of days that were
I hear her voice's melodies—
Blending with flute and dulcimer.

Closed are the long-lashed violet eyes,
Asleep this many a year,—
Known only of the tears that rise,
Remembering her.

II.

The way was sweet by which she trod
Where glad and sad things meet ;
Though sorrow was her staff and rod,
The way was sweet.

Her flower of faith bloomed so complete,
She scarcely felt upon time's sod
The thorns that pierced her feet.

Through all her young life's period,
In light or dark, in field or street,
With fragrance of her faith in God
The way was sweet.

III.

I may not say what skies have bent
Above her newer day:
If peace is on the way she went
I may not say.

Nor lips that sob, nor lips that pray,
When sobs and prayers are spent,
Have told us of that way.

But blent with her was a content,
Gone since she went away:
What sweeter, sacred things were blent—
I may not say.

IV.

Remembering her in that dead time,
The wings of sorrow stir
My heart to weave this simple rhyme—
Remembering her.

The pureness of the things that were
Used vine-like round her life to climb,
My verse cannot aver.

But all the bells of memory chime,
And in their strain I hear
The music of life's golden prime—
Remembering her.

December, 1888.

J. L. G.

AND NOW SHE'S MARRIED.

TO FRENCH INCONSTANCY.

OH, cigarette, the amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow ;
The magic wand that far beyond
To-day can conjure up to-morrow ;
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire,
So softly with the twilight blending ;
And, ah, meseems a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette ! can I forget
How Louise and I in Paris weather
Sat in the shade *les rideaux* made
And rolled the fragrant weed together ?
I at her side, beatified,
To hold and guide her fingers willing,
She rolling slow the paper snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

Oh, cigarette, I see her yet,
The white smoke from her red lips curling,—
Her dreamy eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling !
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I, too, would burn, could I but earn
Upon her lips so soft a pillow !

But, cigarette, the gay coquette
 Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
 And you and I, unthinking, by
 Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
 The darkness gathers fast without—
 A rain-drop on my window plashes ;
 My cigarette and heart are out,
 And naught is left me but the ashes.

December, 1888.

DECLARATION IN ASSUMPSIT.

JOHN DOE vs. SUSAN ROE.

JOHN DOE complains of Susan Roe,
 That she, with scheming art,
 Has stolen from the said John Doe
 His valuable heart.

For this, to wit, that heretofore,
 To wit, November nine,
 She called the said John Doe an oak
 And styled herself the vine.

And later on the aforesaid day,
 With malice all prepense,
 The said defendant ate ice-cream
 At plaintiff's great expense.

And then and there, to said John Doe,
 Said Susan Roe implied
 That she would go in coverture
 To be said plaintiff's bride.

And this to do she has refused,
 And thus with cruel art
 Has stolen from the said John Doe
 His valuable heart.

And so he prays this county court
 To do him justice meet;
 Likewise for damages he prays,
 Therefore he brings his suite.

December, 1888.

"GOD IS ETERNAL LONELINESS."

(See Mrs. Rives-Chanler's Sonnet in November "Lippincott's.")

"GOD is eternal loneliness,"—Ah, no !
 For souls of children ever at his feet,
 Cling softly, and around Him fleet
 White-winged messengers, who come and go,
 Bearing petitions that our want or woe
 Breathe for His ear alone : and then the sweet,
 Bright songs of angels—such as never greet
 Another's hearing—in such raptures flow

That all His presence is alight with song :
And as He walks, the blessed saints do throng
About His footsteps, praising ceaselessly ;
And we, when we awaken, yet shall see
What those who know Him best have known full long,—
All hearts that love Him keep Him company.

February, 1889.

ZETE.

BALLADE.

WHEN tender flowers from the earth are springing,
And lend the morning air their fragrance sweet ;
When maidens seek the pale arbutus clinging
'Neath last year's leaves that rustle round their feet ;
When with first love their pulses learn to beat,
With lovers wandering through the sunlit ways,
Then, like a dream with happiness replete,
I call to mind a love of by-gone days.

When to his mate the night-bird's song is ringing
Down from the oak-tree's moonlit waving crest,
In trembling notes, his sweetest love-tale singing
To her, as she sits brooding on their nest ;
When all save bird and breeze have gone to rest,
And over all there falls the moonlight's haze,
Then, all alone, with hot tears scarce suppressed,
I call to mind a love of by-gone days.

When autumn-time the blighting frost is bringing,
 And meadow-flowers begin to droop and die ;
 When birds, in headlong flight, are swiftly winging
 Their way into a sunnier, southern sky ;
 When clouds above, in shapeless masses fly,
 And winter, coming, suffers no delays,
 Then, like a vision that floats slowly by,
 I call to mind a love of by-gone days.

ENVOI.

When hope after hope falls, blighted, and decays,
 Like wilted petals of a summer rose,
 Know, then, 'tis sweet, amidst our griefs and woes,
 To call to mind a love of by-gone days.

April, 1889.

W. L.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

'Tis said the days of fairies
 Have long since passed away ;
 That hushed are all their merry sports,
 And stilled their thoughtless play.

The careless, merry, naughty sprites,
 Who lured the traveller on
 With elfish lanterns burning bright,
 They say have long since gone.

And yet there is *one* fairy left,—
For fear she might depart,
To join once more her happy race,
I shut her in my heart.

At least I thought I'd shut her up,
But by her magic power
She's gained the mastery of me,
And rules me to this hour.

She is a cunning tyrant,
Who rules by dint of smiles—
How can so soft a heart as mine
Resist her witching wiles?

There is a pair of elf-lamps, too,
Which others may not see,
But which, wherever I may go,
Dance luringly 'round me.

Their light is clear and radiant,
They sparkle, glow, and leap;
They will not let me work or play—
They steal away my sleep.

They flit about my study;
They chase me in the street;
However I may hide away,
They spy out my retreat.

And yet I do not hate them,—
 The fairy and the lights,—
 Although they rob my waking thoughts
 And fill my dreams at nights.

No, no ! I love them dearly !
 Why ? Do not be surprised—
 The fairy is my own true love,
 The lanterns are her eyes !

April, 1889.

L.

LIFE.**AN ALLEGORY.**

A SAILOR BOY looks out upon the sea,
 Whose sunlit bosom gently swells and falls ;
 He longs to set his new-made vessel free
 And follow whither tempting fortune calls.
 The bright waves lift their snowy caps to him,
 And nod their heads and talk of other lands,
 And, pointing where the distant sails grow dim,
 They come to tell strange secrets to the sands.
 The young boy's heart is filled with ecstasy—
 New power and promise never known before,—
 “ Oh, thou art fair and smiling, gentle sea !
 Why do I linger longer on thy shore ?
 And I will love thee, for thou art to me
 The mistress of all hope I must pursue ;
 And I will trust my untried bark to thee,
 For naught can be so fair but must be true.

My father told dark tales of storms and rocks,
 He swore that thou wert false and fickle, sea;
 His ship went down one night in tempest shocks,
 And men said 'twas because he trusted thee.
 But that was in a storm. I'll not believe
 Their stories now, for storms are of the past;
 My voyage is future, and could'st thou deceive
 While such sweet smiles of wooing beauty last?"
 * * * * * * * *
 Another wreck is found upon the shore,
 And treacherous waves are shouting in their glee;
 But still the gentle deep will smile once more
 When sailor boys look out upon the sea.

March, 1890.

N. B. K.

AUNT PHŒBE'S REMONSTRANCE.

My Mistis! You gwine marry *her*, you say!
 'Fo' Gord, now, Marster, you's foolin' me, I knows;
 Gwine tek dat little gal o' ourn away!
 Why, she ain't nuthin' mo'n a chile!
 You go back home and wait awhile,
 Untel she grows.

Why, Marster, 'twan't but little while ergo
 Dat I fuss hel' her in ole Missis' room;
 An' now you tells me she's done grow'd up? Sho,
 Dat chile ain't no mo' fittin' fer
 To marry you, I tell you, sir,
 Dan dis here broom.

She sholy was a fine-raised chile, I knows,
 Kaze I he'p raise her, sir; I brung her up.
 When she wa'n't mo'n ten years ole, I s'pose,
 Ole Miss' use' stan' her by de wall,
 'N' she'd say de twelb commandments all
 Widout a stop.

An' when I use' to tek her up to bade,
 Jes' sharp at eight,—ole Miss' was punkshall, sho,—
 I'd tek her in my lap an' comb her hade,
 An' den I'd tell de stories to her
 'Bout raslin' Jacob an' Marse Noah
 An' his rainbow.

One day ole Marster tuck her off to school,
 Whar de gret folks had dere chillen larn.
 When she come back, she'd set on dat dar stool,
 'N' play dat piany tell it soun'
 Fit like Brer Gabriel done come down
 Here wid his harn.

An' now you's gwine to tek my chile away?
 What's me'n' ole Miss' gwine do widout her den?
 What make dat you cyarnt come down here an' stay?
 Gwine tek dat preshus lam' wid you
 Fum Miss' and her ole mammy, too,—
 Say, Marster, when?

AUNT PHŒBE'S REMONSTRANCE. III

Not 'fo' nex' fall! Oh, thank de Lord ob Grace!
Kaze we's gwine hab her fer a little while!
When she's done gone, 'twon't be de same ole place.
But we befo' de Lord mus' bow—
Thank'ee, Marster—lemme go now
An' fin' my chile.

April, 1890.

W.

THE FLIRT.

[This hitherto unknown tragedy was lately discovered in the ruins of a Greek temple at Mycenæ. It is supposed to be one of the early plays of Æschylus.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHEON, a Law Student.
 PHILOMEL, a last year's Graduate.
 PHYLLIS, a College Belle.
 Janitor.
 Messenger.
 Chorus of Law Students.
 Chorus of Professors.
 Chorus of College Belles.
 Chorus of College Widows.
 Chorus of College Bums.

SCENE.—*The Portico of a University Rotunda; time, '89.*

Enter Janitor.

Janitor. I am the Janitor. For year on year
 Within these classic halls I've swept the floors
 And carried out the trash ; I toll the bell
 Whose sullen clang the tardy student calls
 To lecture unprepared ; anon I go
 With awful summons armed to bid some wretch,
 Who's "cut" too many lectures, or mayhap
 Has made night howl as did the Bacchant throng
 That revelled on the snowy hills of Thrace,
 Come haste before the Chairman to receive
 His final judgment, or—accursed fate—

For nine long months to shun the glowing cup
Of Norton's seedling and the amber juice
Pressed from Kentucky's fairest fields of corn.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Chorus of Law Students with PHÆON.

All. Legal Students all, we come
Hurrying to the lecture-room,
Saturated with the lore
Culled last night from Volume IV.
Each appliance
In this science
Framed for victimizing clients
We shall study o'er and o'er.
Our minds are deeply fraught
With the mysteries of tort
And the way that suits are brought.
Subtle differences we see
'Twixt the Law and Equity,
And we know the craven natures
Of Virginia Legislatures.
Yet at times we must confess
We're a little mixed, we guess ;
Laws of Rents, and Writs of Error,
Shelley's Case, Parol Demurrer
Twist and dance in motley train
Through our overburdened brain.
But if you want to make B. L.,
Know 'tis not by steady toil,
Burning dim the midnight oil.

Laugh ye, laugh ye, long and well
 At the jokes Professors tell !

[*Exit all but PHÆON.*

Phæon. Hamlet's famed soliloquy
 Was "to be or not to be."
 Mine is no such question, but
 'Tis cut or not to cut.
 When I came six months ago
 I resolved to study so,
 Study and shun "Calico."
 But lately in the Easter dance
 Phyllis fair I met by chance,
 I was finished at a glance.
 Never maid as fair as she
 Tripped the vales of Arcady.
 And she loves me, this I know ;
 She herself has told me so.
 And she couldn't lie,—oh, no !
 Then she says her only aim
 Is to feed our constant flame.
 I'll "cut" lecture then to-day,
 And I'll seek her out straightway ;
 Though my Governor complains
 Of my bills at King's and Payne's,
 Soon behind a spanking team
 We shall live in Love's young dream. [*Exit.*

Enter Chorus of College Belles with PHYLLIS.

Chorus. Aren't we charming ?
 Aren't we pretty ?

Graceful ? Tempting ?
Chatty ? Witty ?
Careless of maternal prudence,
We will flirt with College Students.
They're at lecture, what a pity !
Critics say we have our faults,
But how gracefully we waltz ;
Critics are distasteful to us
As a dose of doctor's salts.
But we like the men adoring,
On their bended knees imploring
For our hearts, as if, poor creatures,
We would ever let them teach us
Such a thing as constant love.
Innocence and art we mix,
Playing our coquettish tricks,
While we talk "Jeff." politics,
Looking all the while as charming
As the angels from above.
Oh, we are the very sweetest
And the neatest
And completest
Set of girls that ever tripped a measure on a
German floor.
That is what the students tell us,
Oh, the dear, delightful fellows,
How we make the Widows jealous !
How they thirst for our gore !

[*Exit all but PHYLLIS.*

Enter Chorus of College Widows (chanting in a minor key).

Chorus. Oh, how the light of sunny April days
 Digs up the bones of buried memories!
 The sight of these white arcades to us bring
 The recollections of some long-dead Spring,
 When we, as fair and fresh as flowers of May,
 Did flirt and flirt and flirt the livelong day.
 Too uncontent with one true heart, we strove
 To keep a half a dozen men in love,
 And through the dance of life we whirled so fast,
 Nor dreamed the piper must be paid at last.
 Then we grew old, our charms began to wane
 And left the fruits that follow folly's train,
 Cold, deadened feelings and an empty brain;
 Nor can we turn the wheels of time again.

Phyllis. I wonder where my Phæon can have
 gone?
 To lecture? No, I've got him too well trained
 To spend his time in thumbing drowsy books
 When he can sit and gaze into mine eyes.

Chorus. Oh, maiden so fair,
 In thy morning of youth,
 Be careful, beware,
 Be cautious, beware,
 We are telling the truth.
 Do not flirt, oh, forbear,
 You will rue it in sooth.

Phyllis. Get you hence, I don't care.

Chorus. You are Philomel's own,
So let Phæon alone,
Or you'll be in the soup ere the roses are blown.

Phyllis. I told you to go, hush your dull monotone.

Chorus. Oh, listen, we pray thee ;
If nothing can stay thee,
Then gaze on us Widows left weeping alone.

Phyllis. You're horrid and hateful,
You're ugly, deceitful.
I'll do as I please to, as sure as you're born.

Chorus. Then go thy way, young, headstrong Miss,
Nor give us any thanks
For good advice, but hearken this,—
Beware, you'll join our ranks.

[*Exit Chorus of College Widows.*

Phyllis. There, hear them lecture me like some old
Prof.

They're jealous of the conquests that I make,
That's all; for what did nature give to me,—
Eyes like the fawn's, lips like the opening rose,
And the sweet smile of artless innocence,
Unless to chain men's hearts? I'm far too sweet
To be content with one—that's Philomel—
Who just last session, falling deep in love,
Did woo and win what little heart I have.
And now in two short weeks he doth return
To wed me; I'll just have what fun I can
With Phæon until Philomel returns.

Enter PHÆON.

Phæon. You here? I've sought you everywhere. As
rest
To travellers or beer to students, so
Are you unto my longing eyes, sweet love.

[*Kisses her.*

Phyllis. Oh, Phæon, when I am with you I feel
As though this earth were paradise. My heart
Doth throb in ecstasy.

Phæon. But is there none
Whom you love more? One Philomel, I hear,
Doth hold that heart in thrall, and people say
You are engaged to him.

Phyllis. Oh, Phæon, how
Can you so doubt my burning love for you,
And believe the lies the carping gossips tell!
I love but you, nor ever did or shall
Love any man one tittle of as much.
This Philomel, I swear, is naught to me,
Nor I to him.

Phæon. Sweetheart, that is enough.
I'd believe you over hosts; come, let us go
And take a drive.

Phyllis [aside]. I knew 'twas coming!
These buggy-drives are such delightful things
For spooning! Oh!

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. My lady, here's a note.
The writer bade me use the winged feet

Of Mercury, and anxious doth he 'wait
An answer.

Phyllis [aside]. O ye Gods ! from Philomel,
Who, unexpected, hath arrived and bids
Me meet him at my home this very hour !
Ridiculous ! I cannot miss a drive
For half a dozen *fiances* ; not I !

What a pretty mess I'm in !
Isn't it a perfect sin
Philomel should come ? I've been
Just too cunning in the ways
I've managed these two lovers.
Heavens, what a row 'twould raise,
If my flirting he discovers.
But this messenger I'll tell
Soothing words for Philomel.
Then, with Phæon by my side,
I shall take my buggy-ride.

[*To Messenger.*

Say thou to Philomel I fain would look
This instant on his sweet, dear face, and say
How much I love ; but duty bids me stay
With a sick friend, who languishes in pain.
I shall be with him soon.

[*To PHÆON.*

Come, Phæon, hurry.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Chorus of Professors. They join hands in two concentric circles and chant as they move slowly in opposite directions.

Chorus : Strophe (a). For years collectively we've
sought
To see if we could find
A single great or little thought
Unknown to our mind.
Yet not one instance can we "spot,"
Or find the smallest grain
Of knowledge that we haven't got,
We've sought for more in vain.

Anti-Strophe (a). We know it all, we know it all,
We've sought for more in vain.

Strophe (b). From Adam's birth, one early day
In that Primeval Spring,
To some last week's discovery,
We know each single thing.
There's nought beyond our mental sight,
Or that we can't explain.
Our knowledge taps the Infinite;
We've sought for more in vain.

Anti-Strophe (b). We know it all, we know it all,
We've sought for more in vain.

[*Exit Chorus of Professors.*

Enter PHÆON.

Phæon. I've had a drive with my best girl,
And now I'm on a bum.
The merry billiard ball I'll twirl,
And drink Jamaica rum.
But then I'd like good company—
I wish the gang would come.

Enter Chorus of College Bums.

Chorus. We're drunk as an owl!

Do we show it?

And we all want to howl,

Let us do it!

Yow! we're here!

Can't you tell it?

We're loaded with beer,

Can't you smell it?

We've a mortgage on the College and a lien on the State.

When we get full on beer we own creation up to date.

When liquor gets the upper hand of our addled brains,
We rival the Coyotes of the Colorado plains.

We know that we are gentlemen; but, then, it is the mark
Of gentlemen to act like fiends when they are on a lark.
So take a drink, O Phæon, dear, we'll raise pluperfect
Cain,

And when we sober up, why then—we'll all get full again!
[*PHÆON* drinks.]

Enter Janitor.

Jan. The Chairman, Phæon, craves a word with thee.
Immediately his brow is overcast
Like dun Cithæron when the winter's storm
Beats on his craggy front.

Phæon.

Ah, woe is me!

My name is Dennis! For too much I've cut
My lectures, and I know he'll smell my breath.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter PHILOMEL.

Philomel. A pretty game! Some sick friend, so she said,

And yet I saw her not an hour ago,
Driving with some young Dudeling. Ay, and more,
I saw them kiss like doves; I've had enough!
I'm wiser than I was twelve months ago.

Enter PHYLLIS.

Phyllis. Dear Philomel! My own! How long it seems
Since last on you I feasted these fond eyes!
And now,—but why so cold and why so stern?
You do not kiss me.

Philomel. I have seen your friend, . . .
Whose pain you soothed—a buggy-drive, ha! ha!
The joke's on me, but I shall trump your trick.
My lady, find your *fiancé* elsewhere.

Phyllis. What! Philomel, you will not leave me so?
Do but forgive this little one offence,
Or else you break my heart. I swear to you
My love is yours, and for the man you saw
I care, oh, less than nothing.

Philomel. And for you
I care about the same. I leave to-day,
Nor shall return. Farewell, my pretty maid.

[*Exit PHILOMEL.*]

Enter Chorus of College Widows.

Chorus. Did we not tell thee to beware,
O pretty, headstrong maiden ?
This flirting is a cunning snare,
And thoughtless girls who venture there
Find pleasure sorrow-laden.

Phyllis. Unhappy day when first I saw the light !

Enter Janitor.

Janitor. Ah, woe ! woe ! woe ! another man gone
wrong !

Phyllis. Who is it ? I prythee tell me quick !

Janitor. Ye ladies who stand round about me here !
Ye summer clouds that gather in the skies !
Weep, weep for Phæon, he returns to us no more.

Phyllis. I knew 'twas he ! Has Phæon gone ?
Oh, my last hope !

Janitor. Alas, 'tis true, my lady.
For hardly had he reached the Chairman's room
Before the smell of beer did fill the air,
Overpowering ; then the Chairman, wroth before,
By reason of the lectures he had "cut,"
Did rage upon him like the Afric blast
That tears the whistling cordage from the yards
Of some great merchantman, and strews the main
With broken masts ; so did the Chairman rage,
And swore that Phæon already too long
Had much abused his patience. He must go.
He gave him just one little hour to leave,

And cautioned him to no more disgrace
 The arcades with his presence. He has gone
 To rusticate upon a cattle ranch
 In Western Texas. Oh! unhappy fate!

Phyllis. Yes, wretched fate for him! but doubly worse
 For me! Farewell, O Phæon and flirtation!
 I see my doom. My destiny shall be
 A College Widow's! And my race is run!
*She approaches the College Widows and takes them by
 the hand. They all join hands and sing.*

CHORUS OF COLLEGE WIDOWS AND PHYLLIS.

College Widows all are we;
 Weeping, grieving ceaselessly.
 Students shun us,
 And upon us
 Vulgar wits heap railery.

Once we each did have a beau,
 Sometimes five and six, and oh!
 How entrancing
 Was our dancing!
 All the students told us so!

But those days have passed,
 And aside we have been cast,
 Always thinking, always shrinking,
 From old age that comes at last.

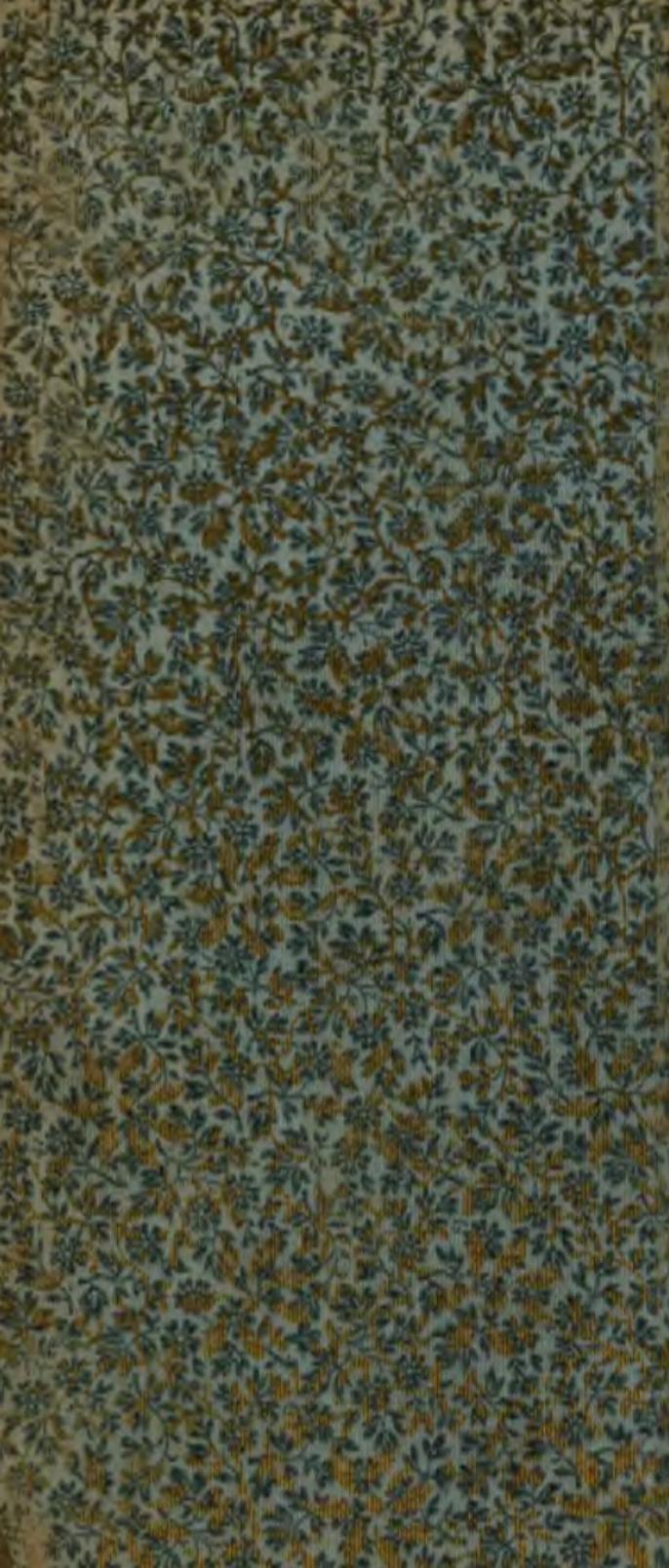
Maidens who, from head to shoon,
Shine as fair as buds in June,
Cease your scorning,
Hear our warning,
Or you'll join us all too soon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

December, 1889.

KPIO NPTCZ Ks.

THE END.



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